

**MORE BOMBASTIC NEO-NIHLISTIC  
VIGNETTES FROM DENNIS P. EICHHORN**

No. 3

\$2.25

\$2.75 in Canada

Recommended for Mature Readers

# REAL STUFF

DR. THOMPSON?  
JUST WHAT  
IS GONZO?

GONZO?

mmmmmm...  
CARDOSO...  
HMMMMM...mm  
HELL...

...ASK  
EICHHORN!

**FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS**

**IN THIS ISSUE...MICHAEL DOUGAN...PETER BAGGE...LYNDA BARRY  
...J.R. WILLIAMS...JIM WOODRING...CAREL MOISEIWITSCH...HOLLY  
TUTTLE...SPECIAL BONUS: (THE REV.) IVAN STANG'S SEAL OF APPROVAL**

# REAL MAIL



His Most Holy and Orthodox TSAR REVEREND IVAN STANG  
The SubGenius Foundation, Inc., P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, Texas 75214

FEB. 18, 7 B.X.

- for a deeper understanding of current events, see DATELINE FOR DOMINANCE,  
1991, 1st paragraph - page 119, BOOK OF THE SUBGENIUS. It's all there.

Dear Dennis:

A belated thanks for your landslide breakthrough cutting-edge comic book REAL STUFF! I've read it about 3 times now (although that's partly because I didn't replenish my toiletside reading matter pile for a month) and it's hard to believe the wretched, tormented autobiographer depicted in these wrenching pages is the same happy-go-lucky galoot that drove us around Seattle at fifteen below zero with the windows stuck down and NO BRAKES. But I guess it does all add up... seriously, I think the book is a real *tour de force* in brutal honesty (and painfully funny details) that doesn't for a second devolve into self-pity or even bragging, but remains purely and simply blood-curdling throughout. One of the top mutant autobiographies, ranking right up there with BINKY BROWN MEETS THE HOLY VIRGIN MARY. After reading it, one is left thinking, "Gosh - what a SHITTY LIFE!! But then - HOW can it have been THAT SHITTY if the guy keeps turning out such COOL STUFF?? HE MUST BE LEAVING OUT THE GOOD PARTS!!.. leastwise I HOPE that's what it is!"

Good luck w/everything! Yours in Slack,

Stang



*Real Stuff* #3, May, 1991. *Real Stuff* is published by Fantagraphics Books, Inc., and is copyright © 1991 Dennis P. Eichhorn. All characters, stories, and art © 1991 Dennis P. Eichhorn and their respective creators: Peter Bagge, Lynda Barry, Michael Dougan, Caryl Moiseiwitsch, Holly Tuttle, J.R. Williams, and Jim Woodring. Front cover colored by Michael Dougan. Back cover color separations by Roberta Gregory. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without written permission from Fantagraphics Books or the creators. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and institutions in *Real Stuff* and those of any living or dead persons is intended, and any such similarity that may exist is purely coincidental, with the exception of autobiographical material. Letters to *Real Stuff* become the property of the magazine and are assumed intended for publication in whole or in part, and may therefore be used for those purposes. First printing: April, 1991. This and the previous two issues are available from the publisher for \$2.00 + 50¢ postage and handling apiece: Fantagraphics Books, 7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle Washington 98115.

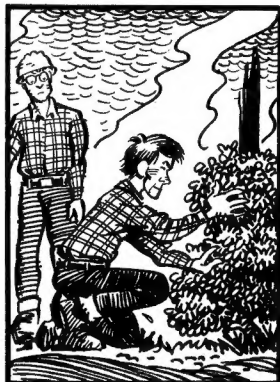
The  
Meaning  
of  
LIFE  
by  
Dennis  
P.  
Bichhorn

I WAS FIGHTING A FIRE IN ALASKA, PUTTING OUT HOT SPOTS WITH MY FRIEND E. J. AND A SQUAD OF INDIANS. I REMEMBER THAT WE WERE IN A CLEARING, AND I MENTIONED THAT I HAD SOME BLISTERS ON MY HANDS.

THEY'VE  
POPPED



THEN HE WIPED HIS HANDS ON SOME BUSHES, ZIPPED UP HIS FLY, AND HELD OUT HIS HANDS TOWARDS US.



\*IT'S THE URIC ACID

E.J. AND I LOOKED AT EACH OTHER, DROPPED OUR SHOVELS, EXPOSED OURSELVES AND PISSED ON OUR HANDS.



THEN WE WENT BACK TO WORK, THROWING DIRT ON SMOULDERING LOGS. E.J. WAS A HARD-WORKING GUY, REALLY PUTTING HIMSELF INTO IT, GIVING THE TAX-PAYERS THEIR MONEY'S WORTH.



WE TOOK A BREAK. E.J. CHEWED TOBACCO, AND I SMOKED A CAMEL.

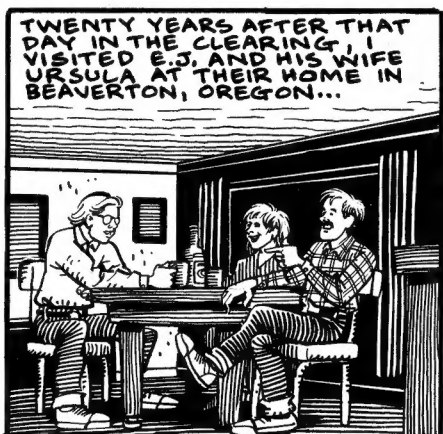
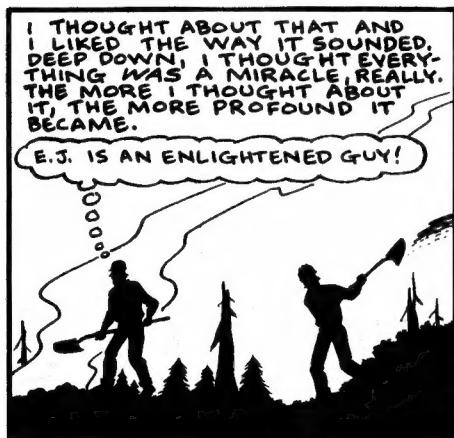
YOU SEEM SORT OF QUIET, DENNY.

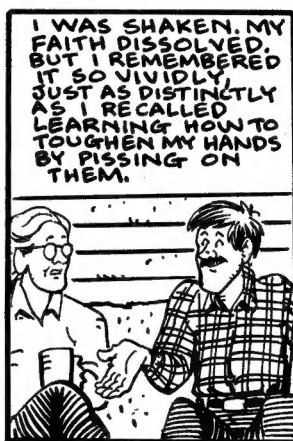
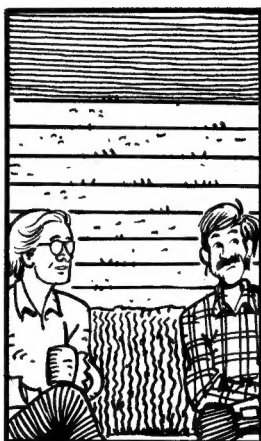
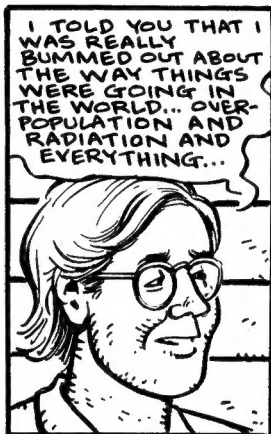


I GUESS I'M SORT OF BUMMED OUT ABOUT THINGS DOWN IN THE LOWER 48, E.J. THE DRAFT... VIETNAM... THE H-BOMB... ALL THE POLLUTION... RADIOACTIVE FALLOUT... OVER-POPULATION... IT DOESN'T SEEM LIKE THINGS CAN GO ON VERY MUCH LONGER...

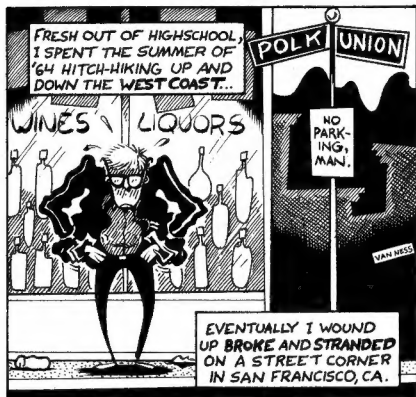








# SWIM FIN JOB



JUST THEN THIS STRANGER WALKS UP TO ME...



HE LED ME TO HIS APARTMENT. ONCE INSIDE, HE PAID ME, THEN HANDED ME THE SWIM FINS...







FINALLY, HE WAS "SATISFIED":



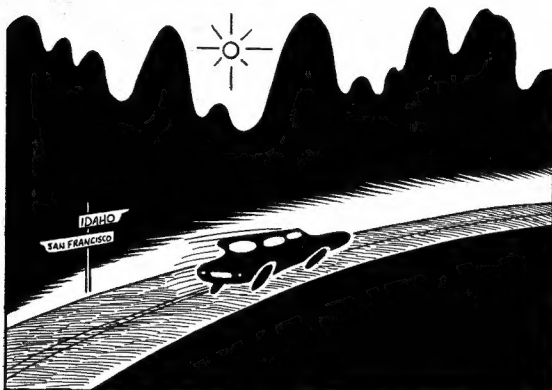
ALL OF THE SUDDEN HE BECAME VERY COLD AND BUSINESS LIKE...



SO I GOT OFF OF HIM AND THAT WAS THAT.



I NEVER SAW THAT GUY AGAIN, BUT I THOUGHT ABOUT HIM MANY TIMES. I DON'T REMEMBER HIS NAME...



STORY BY DENNIS "FLIPPER" EICHORN, AND DRAWN BY HIS LITTLE PAL PETER BAGGE. THANKS TO JESSICA DODGE.

# WHAT *is* GONZO?

BY DENNIS P. EICHORN  
© 1991

I MET BILL CARDOSO WHEN I LIVED IN SAN FRANCISCO.

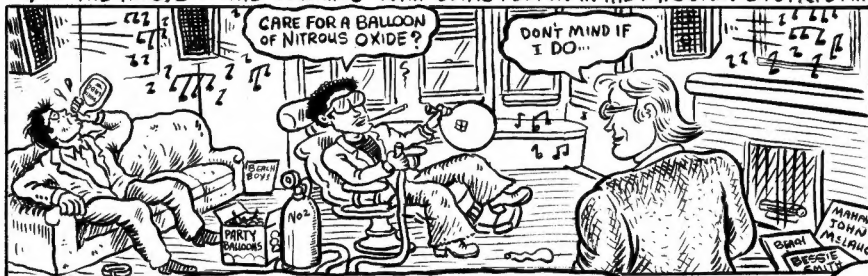


MY FRIEND TIM CAHILL THOUGHT HIGHLY OF HIM.

BILL AND I HIT IT OFF. HE WAS A FREELANCE WRITER OF GREAT REPUTE.



AT THE TIME, BILL WAS ROOMING WITH DAVID FELTON IN THE MISSION DISTRICT...



MICHAEL DOUGAN

I WROTE HIM A LETTER AND SAID, MEY,  
**THIS IS GONZO!**

HE PICKED IT UP AND RAN WITH IT.  
...THE REST IS HISTORY.



SO... WHAT  
**IS  
GONZO?**

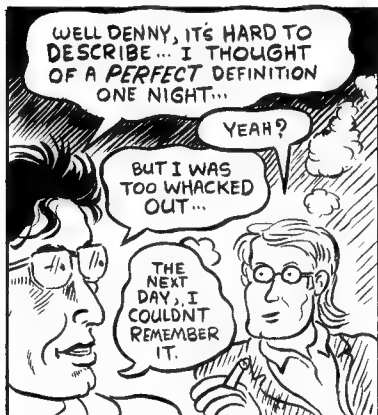


WELL DENNY, IT'S HARD TO  
DESCRIBE... I THOUGHT  
OF A **PERFECT** DEFINITION  
ONE NIGHT...

YEAH?

BUT I WAS  
TOO WHACKED  
OUT...

THE  
NEXT  
DAY, I  
COULDN'T  
REMEMBER  
IT.



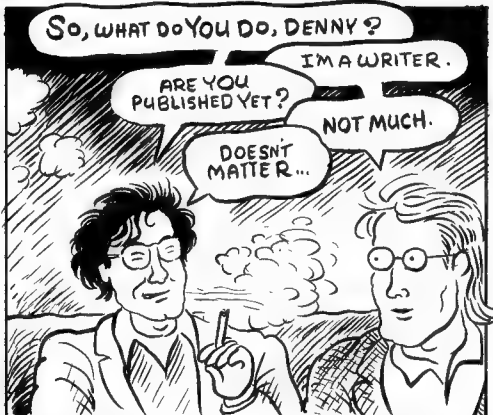
SO, WHAT DO YOU DO, DENNY?

I'M A WRITER.

ARE YOU  
PUBLISHED YET?

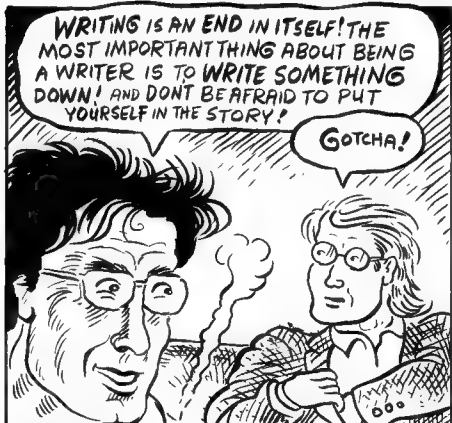
NOT MUCH.

DOESN'T  
MATTER...



WRITING IS AN END IN ITSELF! THE  
MOST IMPORTANT THING ABOUT BEING  
A WRITER IS TO **WRITE SOMETHING**  
DOWN! AND DON'T BE AFRAID TO PUT  
YOURSELF IN THE STORY!

GOTCHA!



AND REMEMBER... IT'S ALL  
JUST **NOUNS AND VERBS!**  
NEVER MIND THE CUTESY  
LITTLE ADJECTIVES AND ADVERBS!  
THEY'LL TAKE CARE OF  
THEMSELVES!

RIGHT!



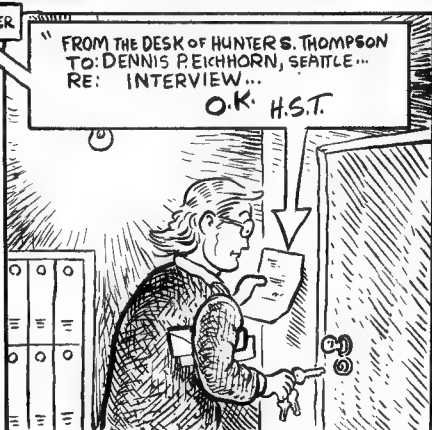
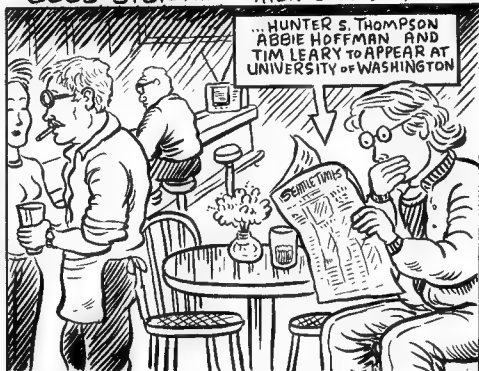
\* YEARS LATER, BILL CLAIMED THAT "GONZO" COMES FROM THE FRENCH-CANADIAN  
"GONZEAU," WHICH MEANS "SHINING PATH."



**I MOVED NORTH TO SEATTLE AND  
EASED INTO JOURNALISM.  
YEARS WENT BY... I NEVER FORGOT  
THE LESSONS BILL TAUGHT ME...**



**I WAS ALWAYS ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A  
GOOD STORY... THEN ONE DAY...**

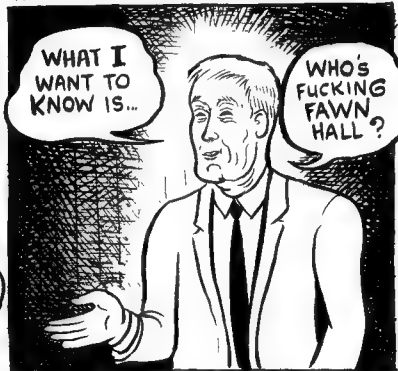
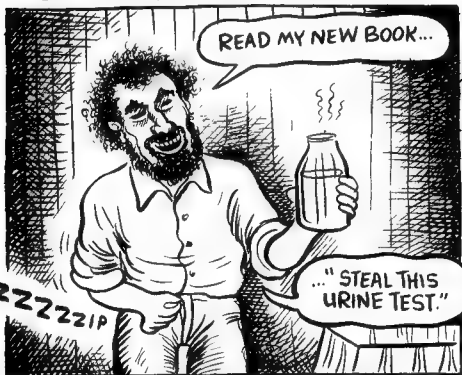


THOMPSON, HOFFMAN AND LEARY WERE SLATED TO SPEAK AT A '60s SEMINAR IN MEANY HALL AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON. THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE MILLED ABOUT. MEANY HALL WAS PACKED.

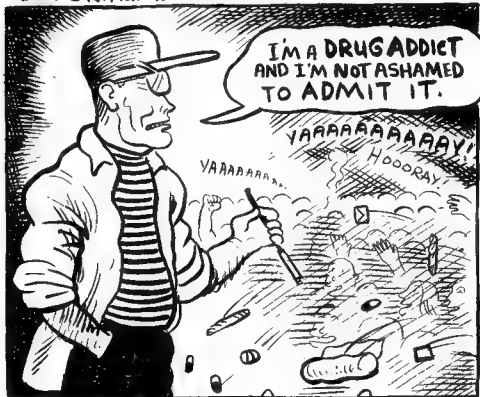


ABBIE HOFFMAN HADN'T CHANGED MUCH.

TIM LEARY MADE A POOR IMPRESSION



BUT DR. HUNTER S. THOMPSON WAS RIGHT ON.







YOU CAN ASK DENNIS P. EICHHORN  
WHAT GONZO IS AFTER THE SHOW.  
... NEXT QUESTION ?



WHEN THE SEMINAR ENDED I WENT BACKSTAGE.  
ABBIE AND TIM BOTH HAD THEIR ENTOURAGES, BUT  
HUNTER WAS MOBBED...



FINALLY HUNTER BROKE FREE...

THESE SWINE HAVE SUCKED ME DRY...

MAYBE SOME  
OTHER TIME...

YEAH - COME  
BY MY HOTEL  
IN THE MORNING  
IF YOU LIKE.



HOPE THEY DON'T  
DEVOUR YOU...

MR.  
EICHHORN ?



MR. EICHHORN ?  
... CAN YOU TELL ME  
WHAT "GONZO" IS,  
PLEASE ?



WELL ... IT'S A  
LONG STORY...



END

STORY: DENNIS EICHORN  
PICTURES: CAREL MOISEWITSCH

# BACHELOR PARTY

OR

D.E.

# THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

OR

D.E.

# JUST ANOTHER MALE FANTASY?

C.M.



THE NIGHT BEFORE I  
GOT MARRIED I LEFT MY FIANCEE WITH  
HER EX-BOYFRIEND AND DROVE TO SPOKANE  
WITH MY OLD PAL BILL.

WE WENT TO VISIT BOYD, WHO WAS JUST BACK  
FROM ALASKA, AND PROCEEDED  
TO GET  
LOADED.



I DIDN'T  
TELL THEM  
I WAS  
GETTING MARRIED THE  
NEXT DAY

BOYD'S GIRLFRIEND - DIANE CAME BY. SHE  
MANAGED A NEAR-BY TAVERN, AND WAS  
ACCOMPANIED BY  
RALPH WHO  
WORKED FOR HER.



BILL FINALLY LEFT AND  
BOYD PASSED OUT





SO KATHY, RALPH AND I DROVE  
TO THE TAVERN IN  
RALPH'S CAR.



THE TAVERN WAS FULL OF GUYS  
AND DIANE SEEMED TO KNOW EVERYONE.



SHE MADE EVERYONE FEEL  
GOOD

I SAT AT THE BAR AND WATCHED HER WORK



YOU KNOW THAT  
YOU'RE A FOX?

GIVE ME A BREAK!



WE CLOSE  
AT TWO,  
WAIT  
UNTIL THEN  
AND COME  
OVER TO  
MY PLACE

SHE LOOKED LIKE A GODDESS. I  
WOULD HAVE WAITED ALL NIGHT.



FINALLY...

PARTY AT MY PLACE!  
EVERYBODY  
BOUGHT BEER  
TO GO AND  
HEADED FOR  
THE DOOR.

DIANE CLOSED UP THE TAVERN AND WE DROVE TO HER HOUSE WITH RALPH.  
WHEN WE ARRIVED THE PARTY  
HAD ALREADY STARTED



INSIDE, TWO DOZEN GUYS WERE DRINK-  
ING BEER.



I GOT ONE MYSELF AND SAT DOWN.  
DIANE WAS THE ONLY WOMAN THERE



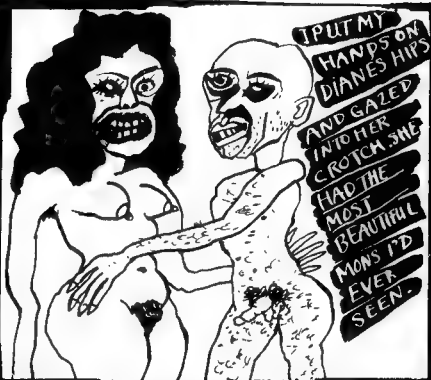
FINALLY THE GUYS BEGAN TO DRIFT  
AWAY, UNTIL THERE WAS NO ONE  
LEFT BUT DIANE, RALPH & ME.



DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT HIM!







JUST WHEN I WAS GETTING READY TO COME,  
I HEARD A NOISE AND SAW RALPH'S HEAD  
UP AT THE END OF THE BED.



I HELD  
DIANE IN MY ARMS  
AND WE BOTH WENT TO SLEEP

IT WAS  
DAYBREAK  
WHEN I AWOKE  
AND GOT UP

THE PLACE  
WAS A MESS  
SO I STARTED  
TO CLEAN UP

WHEN I FINISHED  
I CALLED MY  
FIANCE AND  
TOLD HER TO  
COME AND GET  
ME. I DIDN'T  
KNOW WHERE  
I WAS, SO I  
FOUND A POWER  
BILL WITH THE  
ADDRESS ON IT.

AN HOUR LATER  
SHE ARRIVED IN HER SISTER'S THUNDERBIRD.  
I GOT IN AND WE DROVE AWAY.

FOUR HOURS LATER WE  
WERE MARRIED. I NEVER  
SAW DIANE AGAIN.

END

**WHEN I LIVED IN** San Francisco, I had a friend who worked as a waitress in a North Beach bistro. "Cock-tailing," she called it. Her name was Lucille, and she lived with a good buddy of mine. Lucille was also a devoted dancer who took lots of classes and even taught a few herself. I knew that she dealt a little coke to her regular customers, and I privately believed that Lucille had probably turned a trick or two before settling down as my pal's live-in companion.

We got along pretty well, Lucille and I. She was gorgeous, and I especially liked watching her work. With a flash of tanned *décolletage* here and a twitch of muscled rump there, Lucille oozed hard-boiled sex appeal as she cock-tailed her way through the drunken morass of thirsty tables.

One night I dropped in to have a drink in Lucille's section just before closing time. "My back is killing me!" she greeted me. This was a standard complaint of Lucille's. It was probably due to her strenuous dance regimen. "Dennis, could you give me a back-rub after work?"

"My pleasure," I answered, and it was. She bought me a drink, turned her bank over to the manager, and called for a cab on the house phone. We zipped up to my apartment on Russian Hill, and it wasn't long before Lucille was stretched out face-first on my living-room rug, moaning in ecstasy as I kneaded and massaged her back and neck.

This was a double-edged opportunity for me. It was obvious that Lucille expected me to fuck her, or at least give it a try. I was thinking seriously about it as I dug my fingers into her flesh. She was so god-damned *shapely*; a big, blonde Jewish babe, with rippling muscles in her legs and buttocks. I could imagine those muscular gams wrapped around my torso while I pumped away for all I was worth, and I knew that Lucille was thinking about it, too.

The trouble was, of course, that Lucille was hooked up with my close friend. He was crazy about her, and she enjoyed making him jealous. I'd screwed my friends' sweethearts and wives before in my life, and it had never worked out right. I'd always felt like a rat, and the sex itself was never worth the aggravation.

So I decided to pass on Lucille. She might be surprised, but she'd have nothing to complain about. This way, I could continue to soak up free drinks courtesy of Lucille while retaining the friendship of her boyfriend, who incidentally carried a loaded .32 automatic around with him at all times.

"OK, Lucille," I told her, giving her dynamite-packed ass a final pat. "That'll be \$40." It was just kidding.

"It's worth a lot more than that, Dennis," Lucille cooed. She sat up and gave me a little peck on the cheek. "You give the best back-rubs!" Lucille looked me straight in the eye. It was the moment of truth. All I had to do was reach out and seize the time.

Instead, I stood up. "Thanks," I said, going to the refrigerator and getting a couple of beers. I opened both and handed one to Lucille. Then I sat down in an easy chair and lit a cigarette. "You know, Lucille, I get off on just rubbing your back! Any time, believe me."

The moment passed. Lucille seemed pleased. She was probably tired of being mauled by every horny guy who got the chance. We sipped our beers and talked, and then Lucille said goodbye and got up to leave.

I saw her to the door, opened it and closed it behind her. Then I drank another beer, while visions of frenzied sex with Lucille slowly faded away. Suddenly the doorbell buzzed. This meant someone was downstairs at the front door to the apartment building. The intercom didn't work, so I pressed the button that unlocked the front door.

I waited for five minutes, and when no one knocked on my door I started wondering. Opening the door, I peered into the hallway. It was deserted, but directly in front of my apartment's threshold lay a tiny, carefully folded white paper packet.

It looked exactly like a little bundle of coke. I picked it up and carried it into my apartment, where I carefully opened it up. Sure enough, it was full of white powder. I poked my index finger into it and touched it to my tongue. Bitter, bitter to the taste. I wondered what it was.

It wasn't long before I sprinkled some onto a mirror and tooted it up. Nothing happened. I inhaled more, then more again. Before long, I'd snorted half the powder up my nose, but I wasn't feeling any effects. "This isn't even coke," I muttered to myself.

Suddenly I couldn't breathe. I began to choke, unable to get any air down my frozen throat to my lungs. The swift realization that I might die right there in the privacy of my apartment struck me. I lurched into the bathroom and knelt in front of the toilet, ramming my fingers down my throat. Nothing. I began to panic.

# HOT TIP

BY DENNIS P. EICHHORN



## ILLUSTRATION BY LYNDA BARRY

I started getting dizzy. Flash! I remembered a junkie who had nearly ODed in a bar I'd once worked in. We'd saved him by putting icy bar-rags on the back of his neck and lifting up his arms to help him breathe. I lunged into the bathtub, twisting desperately at the cold water knob as I yanked on the shower lever. Cold water rained down on me from the shower nozzle.

I was sprawled across the bathtub with my hands up against the wall. The water cascaded down my neck and back. It helped. I gagged, sucked in a little air, and tasted bile. My stomach heaved and I puked into the tub. Then my hands slipped on the wet tiles, and my head crashed against the wall. That's the last thing I remember for several minutes.

When I woke up I was lying face-down in the bathtub, drenched with cold water and slimy vomit. Luckily, I hadn't stopped the drain with my face, and the tub hadn't filled while I was unconscious. I turned the water off and awkwardly pulled myself out. I was shaking, and my head was reeling. My forehead was bloody. I knew that I was fortunate to be alive.

I peeled off my clothes, took a quick shower and bandaged my head. Then I telephoned Lucille. She was home. "Lucille," I rasped, "did you leave something for me when you left?"

"Why, whatever do you mean?" she trilled. Was she putting me on? It was impossible to tell.

"Oh...nothing," I said. There was no sense going into it. This wasn't the sort of thing that should be discussed on the phone. Besides, I didn't want anybody to know how incredibly stupid I really was. "I'll see you tomorrow night, Lucille. Sorry to call you so late."

"Mañana, Dennis," Lucille said, and hung up. I went back into the bathroom and flushed what was left of the mystery powder down the toilet.

Tomorrow came and went, and I never got around to telling Lucille what had happened. I'll never know if she left that packet for me, or if she or somebody else meant for me to find it and toot it up. It was probably smack or PCP, but I'm lucky it wasn't Drano or roach poison. Maybe Lucille thought she was doing me a favor, or maybe the Tylenol Killer was warning up in my neighborhood. Maybe there was a jealous boyfriend in the woodwork. Like I said, I'll never know.

But here's a hot tip: don't snort strange stuff. And don't go off alone with your buddy's lady-friend unless you're prepared to suffer the consequences. You never know what's going to come down, but you're sure setting yourself up for whatever happens.

# The HOT SQUAT!

BY DENNIS P. "WHO ELSE?" EICHHORN  
ILLUSTRATED BY J.R. "WHY ME?" WILLIAMS



I WAS BROKE & IN NEED OF QUICK CASH, SO I TOOK A JOB SELLING TICKETS & CHECKING I.D. AT THE DOOR OF A NIGHTCLUB.

© 1991 by Dennis Eichhorn & Williams

THE FIRST NIGHT, TWO GOOD-LOOKING BABES CAUSED A STIR.



NINE DOLLARS!!  
I DON'T HAVE  
THAT MUCH!

ME  
NEITHER!

TOO BAD...  
THAT'S THE  
COVER CHARGE,  
THOUGH.



TELL YOU  
WHAT...

...HOW ABOUT LETTING ME IN  
FOR FIVE DOLLARS IF I  
SIT ON YOUR FACE?

--SURE!!



--AND THAT GOES FOR  
MY FRIEND, TOO?

OKAY!

BRAIN

THEY EACH HANDED ME FIVE BUCKS, AND I STAMPED THEIR HANDS.



--SHOULD I SIT  
ON IT NOW?

UH, I'M KIND OF BUSY...

...HOW ABOUT A  
"RAIN CHECK"?

STEAM!

STEAM!



YOU'VE GOT  
IT!

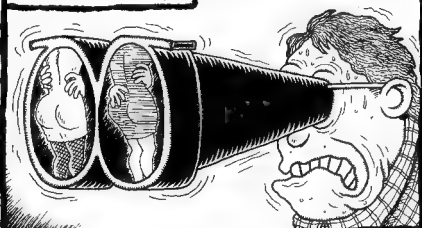
The Legendary  
Bearded  
Clam

SO THE REST OF THE NIGHT, EVERY TIME I  
GLANCED AT THAT CURVACEOUS FIRST ONE, ALL  
I COULD THINK OF WAS HER **BIG, STEAMY,**  
**LUSCIOUS CUNT** PLOPPING ITSELF DOWN ON MY  
FACE...



...SHE WAS **GOOD-LOOKING**, TOO!

I WATCHED AS THE TWO ATTACHED THEMSELVES  
TO A COUPLE OF GUYS.

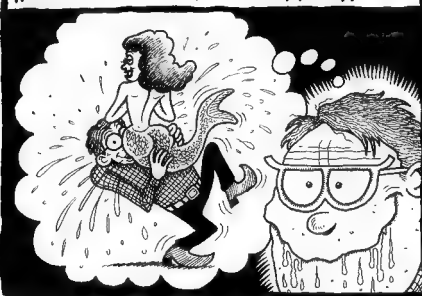


THEY SAT IN THE FAR CORNER OF THE ROOM, AS FAR  
AWAY FROM ME AS POSSIBLE.

...THEY DANCED, **GLUED** TO THEIR NEW PARAMOURS.  
THEY NECKED & GROPED IN THEIR SEATS...



...AND THROUGH IT ALL, I VISUALIZED THAT  
**HOT BOX** COVERING MY **NOSE & MOUTH**...



TOWARDS THE END OF THE EVENING, I WENT TO  
THE MEN'S ROOM FOR A COUPLE OF MINUTES. WHEN  
I RETURNED, THE TWO BABES & THEIR ESCORTS  
WERE GONE.



I'VE NEVER SEEN THEM SINCE.

--BUT I'VE GOT A  
**RAIN CHECK!**



**END**



# ADVERTISEMENT

**ZOI HERR ACORNI!  
WHY DON'T CHU RELAX  
UND TELL ME WHAT THE  
PROBLEM ISG...**

**VELL DOG... I MEAN VELL DOG, IT'S LIKE  
THIS (BY THE WAY, THE NAME'S EICHHORN):  
I JUST GOT STOP THINKING ABOUT THOSE  
BACK ISSUES OF THE NORTHWEST EXTRA!  
THEY'RE JUST  
IN THE  
GIVING THERE  
WAREHOUSE.**

**GATHERING  
DUST WHILE  
LEGIONS OF  
POTENTIAL  
READERS  
DRIFT  
AWAY  
LEG-  
GALLY  
BY...**

**EXTRA!**



**WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS  
AND S. CLAY WILSON SEE IT  
"A LITTLE ELVIS IN EVERY ISSUE"**

**EXTRA!**



**CHARLES BUKOWSKI  
THE ART OF THE CRYSTAL PAPER  
"A LITTLE ELVIS IN EVERY ISSUE"**

**EXTRA!**



**"A LITTLE ELVIS IN EVERY ISSUE"**

**EXTRA!**



**JACK KEROUAC  
"A LITTLE ELVIS IN EVERY ISSUE"**

Not everyone is aware of the vast array of highly talented artists and scribes who graced the pages of the Northwest EXTRA! during its brief but glorious run of fifteen issues from December '88 to November '90. The EXTRA! flourished as the Nineties waned, and it's one of the most collectible lurid pulp tabloids ever published.

Just check out these great issues:

**Number 1:** Cover and centerfold by Carl Smool, in the Mexican broadside tradition, illustrating "Bitter Fruit," a story by yours truly about the pesticides found in fruits and vegetables. Columns by gonzoier Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, drive-in movie critic Joe Bob Briggs and videophile Theron Yeager. "Rock & Roll Confidential" by Dave Marsh, with rare, formerly unpublished John Lennon photo. "The Valley of Death" by Tim Cahill, illustrated by Michael Dougan. An article about Lynda Barry's play "The Last House" by Bill Omitovics. "Weird News" by Chuck Shepherd. "The Bad Boys" comic strip by J.R. Williams, and artwork by Holly Tuttle, Michael Dougan and Mark Zingarelli. Design consultation by Tamara Broadhead.

**Number 2:** Cover and centerfold in four-color glory by Michael Dougan, illustrating Tim Cahill's "Simple Rules." Lynda Barry's "Ernie Pook's Comedy" makes its first appearance, and J.R. Williams' "The Bad Boys" reoccurs. Video critic Fred Hopkins' first column. Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh, Chuck Shepherd and Theron Yeager. Drew Friedman's masterful cartoon treatment of Harvey Pekar's "Rabbi's Wife," and artwork by Carol Moiseiwitch, Peter Bagge, Robert Crumb and Mark Zingarelli. Art direction by Art Chantry and design consultation by Art Chantry.

**Number 3:** Cover and centerfold by Carol Moiseiwitch, illustrating Bill Cardoso's "Dead Wild Horses." "A Personal History of Modern Israel" by Harvey Pekar. Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh (great Roy Orbison photo!), Fred Hopkins and Chuck Shepherd. Cartoon strips by Lynda Barry and J.R. Williams, and artwork by Michael Dougan, Holly Tuttle, Drew Friedman, Fred Andrews, Jessica Dodge and Mark Zingarelli. Great Elvis section. Art direction by Art Chantry.

**Number 4:** Cover and centerfold by Peter Bagge, illustrating Harvey Pekar's "Keep the Heat on Reagan." "Baseball Astrology" by Buddha Berman, and columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh, Fred Hopkins and Chuck Shepherd. Cartoon strips by Lynda Barry and J.R. Williams. Artwork by Michael Dougan, Tammy Fujiwara, Drew Friedman, and Mark Zingarelli. Design direction by Art Chantry.

**Number 5:** Cover and centerfold by Drew Friedman, illustrating Ivan Stang's "Are You a Moe, a Curly...or Merely a Larry?" "The Three Stooges and Then Some" by Fred Hopkins and John Black. Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave

Marsh and Chuck Shepherd. Mark Newgarden's "The Little Nun" joins the strips by Lynda Barry and J.R. Williams. Artwork by Carol Moiseiwitch, Michael Dougan, Holly Tuttle, Willow B. Norris and Mark Zingarelli. Art direction by Art Chantry and design consultation by Art Chantry.

**Number 6:** Cover from Carl Lay's "Grunge 361" centerfold, with Esther Hertz's "Pro Choice Pono." Alison Bechdel's rendering of Harvey Pekar's "Gallantry" joins cartoon strips by Lynda Barry, J.R. Williams and Mark Newgarden. Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs, Fred Hopkins, Buddha Berman, Dave Marsh and Chuck Shepherd. Artwork by Holly Tuttle, Michael Dougan, Stan Shaw and Mark Zingarelli. Photo of Ms. LaZonga by Cam Garrett with interview by Louie Rafflor. Art direction by Art Chantry and design consultation by Art Chantry.

**Number 7:** Cover and centerfold by J.R. Williams, illustrating Dr. Hunter S. Thompson's "Don't Tread On Me." Alison Bechdel's treatment of Harvey Pekar's "Free Association." J. Dooley's "Stone Age to Space Age." "True Reality Rock Report" by Al Laisen. Columns by Fred Hopkins, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh, Buddha Berman and Chuck Shepherd. Cartoon strips by Lynda Barry and Mark Newgarden. Artwork by Michael Dougan, Maurice Wright and Mark Zingarelli. Art direction by Art Chantry and design consultation by Art Chantry.

**Number 8:** Cover and centerfold by Holly Tuttle, illustrating W. P. Kinsella's "The Reports Concerning the Death of the Seattle Albatross Are Greatly Exaggerated." "All's Fair at Seafair" by Tim A. Smith, Mechanical Editor. "The Badness of Danning" by Fred Hopkins and John Black. Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh, Buddha Berman and Chuck Shepherd. Paul Mavrides interprets Harvey Pekar's "The L.A. Performance Scene." Cartoon strips by Lynda Barry, J.R. Williams and Mark Newgarden, and artwork by Michael Dougan and Mark Zingarelli. Art direction by Art Chantry.

**Number 9:** Ken Brown's "Dude Descending a Staircase" serves as cover and centerfold. "Silver Bullets and Golden Classics: The Music of the Lone Ranger" by Jim Messina, backed with Fred Hopkins's "Clayton Moore - The Man Behind the Mask." Charles Bukowski's first appearance, with "only one Cervantes," illustrated by Robert Crumb. Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs and Dave Marsh. Roland Sweet replaces Chuck Shepherd as compiler of "Weird News." Frank Stack renders Harvey Pekar's "Adam Pukes on Halloween," plus cartoon strips by Lynda Barry, J.R. Williams and Mark Newgarden, and artwork by Michael Dougan. Art direction by Art Chantry.

**Number 10:** Cover by Aline Kominsky, Sophie and Robert Crumb (formerly unpublished Christmas card). Mitch O'Connell's "Elvis Presley Viva Las Xmas"

centerfold. "The Worst Films of Xmas" by Fred Hopkins and John Black, illustrated by Carol Moiseiwitch. "Just Say Woe" by Theater Writer Linda Whitney, and columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh and Roland Sweet. Book review by Harvey Pekar, accompanied by his "Somewhere in Pennsylvania," rendered by Joe Zabel and Gary Dunn. Charles Bukowski's "terminology," illustrated by Michael Dougan. Cartoon strips by Lynda Barry, J.R. Williams and Mark Newgarden. Artwork by Drew Friedman and Danny Mittendorf. Art direction by Art Chantry.

**Number 11:** Cover and centerfold by Carol Moiseiwitch, illustrating Robert Hennelly's Exxon exposé "The Big Spill." "Twisted Valentines" by Fred Hopkins and John Black, "the place" by Charles Bukowski. Post Jack Thibau makes his first appearance with "Hollywood." Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Linda Whitney, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh and Roland Sweet. Book review by Harvey Pekar. Cartoon strips by Lynda Barry, J.R. Williams and Mark Newgarden. Artwork by Michael Dougan and Brian Williamson. Art direction by Art Chantry.

**Number 12:** Cover illustration of William S. Burroughs by Robert Crumb. "Book of Shadows" by William S. Burroughs, illustrated by S. Clay Wilson. "recognized" by Charles Bukowski, illustrated by Holly Tuttle. "The City of Broken Glass" by Formerly Rocky Goldberg. "L.A." by Jack Thibau. Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh, Linda Whitney, Fred Hopkins and Roland Sweet, and a book review by Harvey Pekar. "Close Call" by Dennis P. Eichhorn and Mark Zingarelli and "More Guys Than Gals Are Forced Into Sex" by Carol Moiseiwitch, plus cartoon strips by Lynda Barry, J.R. Williams and Mark Newgarden. Artwork by Michael Dougan and T.S. Sullivan. Art direction by Art Chantry.

**Number 13:** Cover illustration of Charles Bukowski by Robert Crumb. "between races" by Charles Bukowski, with illustration by same. Centerfold by Michael Dougan, illustrating Robert Ferrigno's "The Horse Latitudes." "Here Are The Instructions" by Formerly Rocky Goldberg. "Getting the Message Out!" by Harvey Pekar. "poem" by Jack Thibau. Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh and Roland Sweet. Cartoon strips by Carol Moiseiwitch, Lynda Barry, J.R. Williams and Mark Newgarden. Artwork by Mary Fleener and Sean Hurley. Art direction by Art Chantry, winner of a prestigious Meni Award from the Society of Publishing Design (SPD) for the cover design.

**Number 14:** "SEXTRA!" issue. Cover by S. Clay Wilson, featuring the Checkered Demon. "Robert Crumb Interview" by ScrewMagazine's Al Goldstein, illustrated by Joe Matt III. "Turtle Squirrels" by Charles Kraft, illustrated by Jim Woodring. "kiss those days goodbye" by Charles Bukowski. "The Dishwashing Man" by Formerly Rocky Goldberg, illustrated by Holly Tuttle. "The Most Psychotic Adult Videos of All Time" by Fred Hopkins and John Black. Book review by Harvey Pekar, and columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh and Roland Sweet. "poem" by Jack Thibau. "The Woman Who Tried To Eat Me Alive!" by J.R. Williams is a featured cartoon strip. So are S. Clay Wilson's "The Checkered Demon in Hell! Part I" and Mark Newgarden's "So Help Me!" Lynda Barry's contributes her strip. Artwork by Basil Wolverton and Sean Hurley. Art direction by Art Chantry.

**Number 15:** Cover illustration of Jack Kerouac by Robert Crumb. Drew Friedman's Quayle family drawing illustrates Martin A. Lee and Norman Solomon's "Dan Quayle, a Pot Dealer and the Information Police." "Happy birthday" by Charles Bukowski, illustrated by Michael Dougan. "Billy Bragg: An Appreciation" by Harvey Pekar. Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs and Dave Marsh. Artwork by Michael Dougan and Sean Hurley. Art direction by Art Chantry, winner of another SPD Meni Award for the cover design.

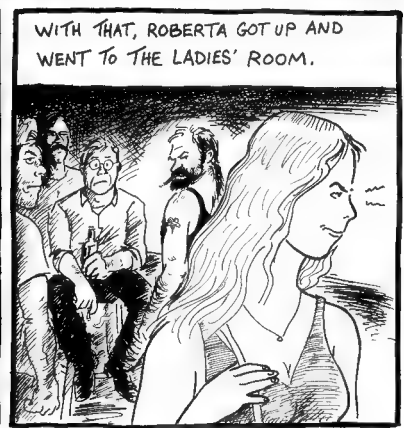
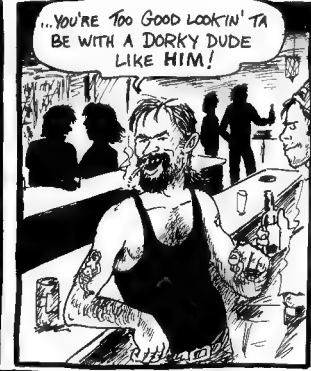
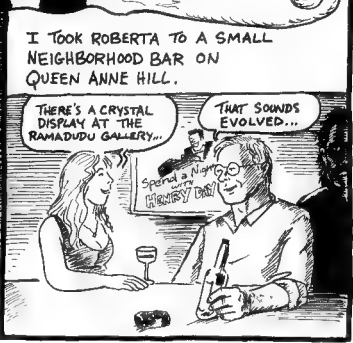
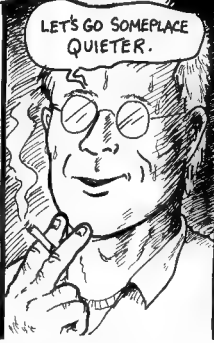
Whew! That's quite a list! There's a little Elvis in every issue, and a little \$2, too. To order, just list the issues you want, enclose \$6 per issue or \$75 for all 15 (prices include postage and handling, and are good through Dec. 31, 1991), and send to:

**NORTHWEST EXTRA!  
Back Issues Dept.  
2318 2nd Ave., #1131  
Seattle, WA 98121**

Then maybe I'll feel better!

# a New Age Date

Story: DENNIS R. EICHORN ©1991  
Art: HOLLY K. TUTTLE



ALL THREE OF THEM IMMEDIATELY GOT HOSTILE WITH ME. ONE MOVED BEHIND ME. I SENSED TROUBLE, LIKE POSSIBLY A KNIFE IN THE BACK.

OH, YEAH? INVESTIGATIVE REPORTER, HUH?

SO, ARE YOU, LIKE, A COP?

ALL THREE OF THEM IMMEDIATELY GOT HOSTILE WITH ME. ONE MOVED BEHIND ME. I SENSED TROUBLE, LIKE POSSIBLY A KNIFE IN THE BACK.

OH, YEAH? INVESTIGATIVE REPORTER, HUH?

SO, ARE YOU, LIKE, A COP?

ALL THREE OF THEM IMMEDIATELY GOT HOSTILE WITH ME. ONE MOVED BEHIND ME. I SENSED TROUBLE, LIKE POSSIBLY A KNIFE IN THE BACK.

OH, YEAH? INVESTIGATIVE REPORTER, HUH?

SO, ARE YOU, LIKE, A COP?

I STOOD UP & BEGAN TO MOVE AWAY.

YOU ARE SOME KIND OF COP!

STAY RIGHT THERE... I WANT TO REMEMBER YOU EXACTLY AS YOU ARE.

I STOOD UP & BEGAN TO MOVE AWAY.

YOU ARE SOME KIND OF COP!

STAY RIGHT THERE... I WANT TO REMEMBER YOU EXACTLY AS YOU ARE.

I STOOD UP & BEGAN TO MOVE AWAY.

YOU ARE SOME KIND OF COP!

STAY RIGHT THERE... I WANT TO REMEMBER YOU EXACTLY AS YOU ARE.

I INTERCEPTED ROBERTA WHEN SHE LEFT THE LADIES' ROOM.

LET'S BLOW THIS DUMP!

LADIES

I INTERCEPTED ROBERTA WHEN SHE LEFT THE LADIES' ROOM.

LET'S BLOW THIS DUMP!

LADIES

I INTERCEPTED ROBERTA WHEN SHE LEFT THE LADIES' ROOM.

LET'S BLOW THIS DUMP!

LADIES

...HEH HEH... LOOK AT ME SHAKE...

...I'LL RUN YOU HOME.

...HEH HEH... LOOK AT ME SHAKE...

...I'LL RUN YOU HOME.

I DROVE TO ROBERTA'S APARTMENT.

A black and white cartoon illustration of a car driving down a street at night. The car is viewed from behind, with a thought bubble above it. The street is lined with trees and buildings, and a full moon is in the sky.

WHY DON'T YOU COME IN, DENNY?  
I HAVE A MEDITATION YOU  
MIGHT ENJOY.

OK!

WHY DON'T YOU COME IN, DENNY?  
I HAVE A MEDITATION YOU  
MIGHT ENJOY.

OK!

INSIDE, ROBERTA TOLD ME TO LIE DOWN ON THE COUCH. I TOOK OFF MY SHOES & COMPLIED.



SHE TURNED DOWN THE LIGHTS AND PUT ON A TAPE OF TIBETAN TEMPLE MUSIC.



RELAX... LISTEN TO THE SOUND OF MY VOICE... YOUR FEET ARE GETTING VERY HEAVY... YOU CAN'T OPEN YOUR EYES...



... YOUR HANDS AND ARMS ARE GETTING VERY HEAVY... YOU ARE GETTING VERY SLEEPY...



... NOW YOU WILL HEAR AND OBEY MY VOICE ONLY!



ARE YOU READY TO GO TO THE END OF THE RAINBOW?



ANSWER YES OR NO.





ROBERTA HAD ME GO TO THE END OF THE RAINBOW AND PICK A COLOR.

WALLOW IN YOUR COLOR! BATHE IN IT! SPLASH IT ALL OVER YOU! IT WILL INVIGORATE YOU AND DRIVE AWAY YOUR ANGER!

THEN ROBERTA BROUGHT ME DOWN.

ON THE COUNT OF 3, YOU WILL WAKE UP REFRESHED.

ONE...

TWO...

...THREE.

POINK

HOW DO YOU FEEL?

COOL, CALM AND COLLECTED.

LET'S GET TOGETHER AND GO TO THE UNITY CHURCH SOMETIME!

I'D LOVE TO.

I'VE NEVER BEEN HYPNOTIZED ON THE FIRST DATE BEFORE.

HA HA HA

I DROVE AWAY, FRESH AND CLEAR IN THE WARM, NEW AGE EVENING AIR



